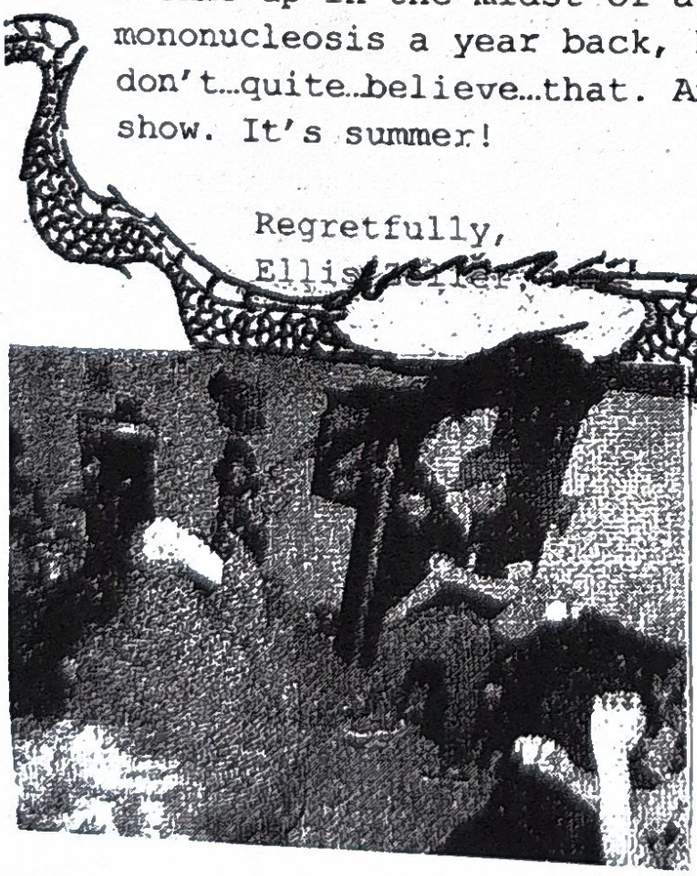
ZERO X
#2

An introduction
For ZEROX Magazine Issue 2
By Ellis Zeller

Racing to the deadline, and I have a shitty cold. Summer is upon us, though... the skies are blue, the grass is green, life certainly has potential to be good. BUT... I didn't write shit for this issue. I am half-assing it in the old college fashion, a fact in which I am so ashamed that I will share it publicly so that I may be held to a standard in which I can never sin like this again, Lord help me. This was a slow month in the news. I was going to write about that great big straight edge show at Dragons Den on the ninth for my piece because I and about twenty others figured it would be a flamingly disastrous event in which the house burnt down, everyone broke edge, and the cops were called, causing no more shows at the Den. It seems, however, we were a little bit overstated in that. The venue went out with a whimper, announcing via Instagram story that all their shows were cancelled after their landlord got on their ass for a hole being smashed in a wall, a result of a mosh incident. So, now, with my story for the month dead, I am delving into the past of Ellis Zeller for my piece. I've been told that my story was all bullshit and dreamt up in the midst of a bout I had with mononucleosis a year back, but I don't...quite...believe...that. Anyways, ZEROX 2! Enjoy the show. It's summer!

Regretfully,
Ellis Zeller



Shows Upcoming

7/17: Burned Up Bled Dry, Hockey Smile, Quick On The Draw, and Sarcophilia at Howdy

7/21: Skewed, Spine, Unity Ticket, and Figure 8s at Warehouse On Broadway

7/23: Velvet, The Ritornello Form, Granule, Dreamist, and How To Make A Bomb at Howdy

8/6: Arranged In April, upnow!, [illegible]anule, and Our Last Memory at Howdy

8/22: [illegible]hank., Bogus, Field Creek, and Eric Miller at Howdy

Parkman, Kansas
For ZEROX Magazine #2
By Ellis Zeller

Today I'm remembering a curious little town I found myself in about... three years or so ago. It's not the kind of place anyone really heard of, and exists somewhere in the doldrums between Wichita and Denver. Truthfully, I would rather not have found that place to begin with. It was only on the behest of an old fling and a visit to his aunt that I ended up in Parkman, Kansas.

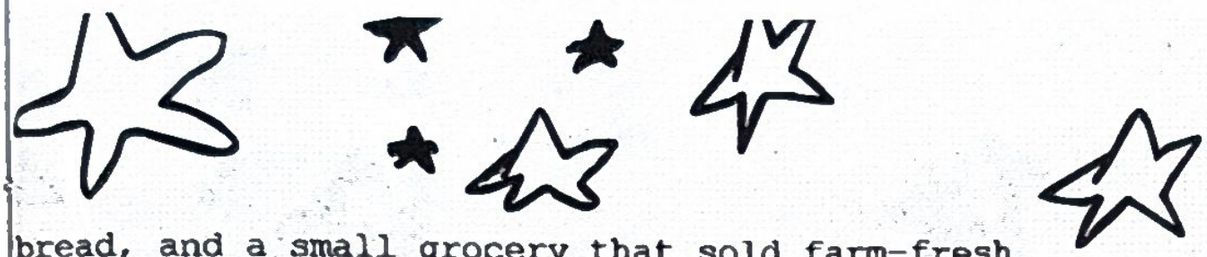
Small, strange little place just on the outside of reality. The sun set quicker and rose slower out there. Night was the predominant time period, and in the two weeks I was there I think I saw strange lights in the sky at least ten times.

There was an interesting fellow; went by the name of Eckelheimer, who did a radio show. Old 60s and 70s punk and garage rock tunes, on the E-Man Vintage Spin Extravaganza radio hour, brought to you courtesy of 89.6 FM Parkman Public Radio. Bizarre to hear music like that on the airwaves in a small town in Kansas, but again, a place outside of reality.

But what was really interesting was the underbelly of that town. You know, it was a surprisingly lively place. Chic restaurants, dog parks. I would assume some rich people like to go spend their summers there.

I remember watching this fling of mine's aunt gardening one morning, out on the front porch. I'd stepped outside just to smell the roses, read a little bit, only to find her shaking hands with some teenager in a ratty V8-engined Camaro wearing a thin mustache and a cigarette like it was a uniform. A small baggie passed into her hand by this sly young man. He stared at me, deep into my heart, promptly driving off after. The aunt returned with a smile and I didn't ask what the deal was.

A little while later, that same day, me and the fling had rolled into town in search of groceries. See, this man was a bit of a cook, and intended to make his aunt a fine steak with all the accoutrements for dinner that night. There was a butcher that sold farm-fresh meat and milk, and a small bakery that sold farm-fresh



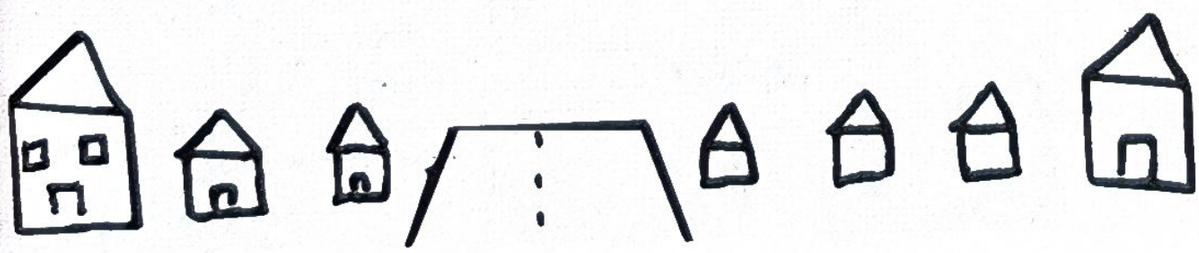
bread, and a small grocery that sold farm-fresh potatoes. Everything was small and farm-fresh except for the Camaro-driving teenager who looked rather medium-sized and rotten. I asked my fling who the hell he was and was told that he was, in fact, the town drug dealer, who sold little dime bags of weed to his aunt every Sunday at about ten a.m., and it was Sunday at one p.m., three hours after I'd seen her take the baggie from the mysterious kid in his fire-breathing Camaro.

The next day, I heard old Eckelheimer on his scheduled five p.m. primetime radio hour, speaking of some great big extravaganza he was putting together with some Kansas City punk pals that night at the Pillar. There was going to be a bonfire, and probably booze and grass and only God knows what else, though that part wasn't advertised, and this was all told between a Modern Lovers song and a MC5 song.

The Pillar was this great big stone chimney from a mansion that had burnt down decades ago up on old Landgrabber Hill where all the youth of Parkman congregated for parties, since the Landgrabbers skipped town after Charles Landgrabber got himself in deep shit for medical malpractice, trying to create his very own Frankenstein's monster over the course of twenty-years' worth of experiments. Some say he should have been charged with murder, but he was far too friendly with the sheriff and all that jazz to face any true consequences.

Anyways, that night, the fling and I decided to make our way to that big old party, on account of we had nothing better to do. It was a nice function, something of a cross between the teenaged drunkenness of *Dazed and Confused* and erotic chaos of *The Lost Boys*. The Kansas City band was playing and the vocalist had blood streaming down his face, staining his meticulously crafted sideburns. He was loud and harsh, as was the rest of the band. Chaos on a cassette tape.

I found myself separated from my beloved, and began a search for him, looking left, right, up, and down, as even the grass had kids high on God only knows what crawling around. Even the trees had more adventurous specimens than I climbing up, up, away. Staring at the trees and noting that the mysterious lights in the sky were indeed present above the party, I

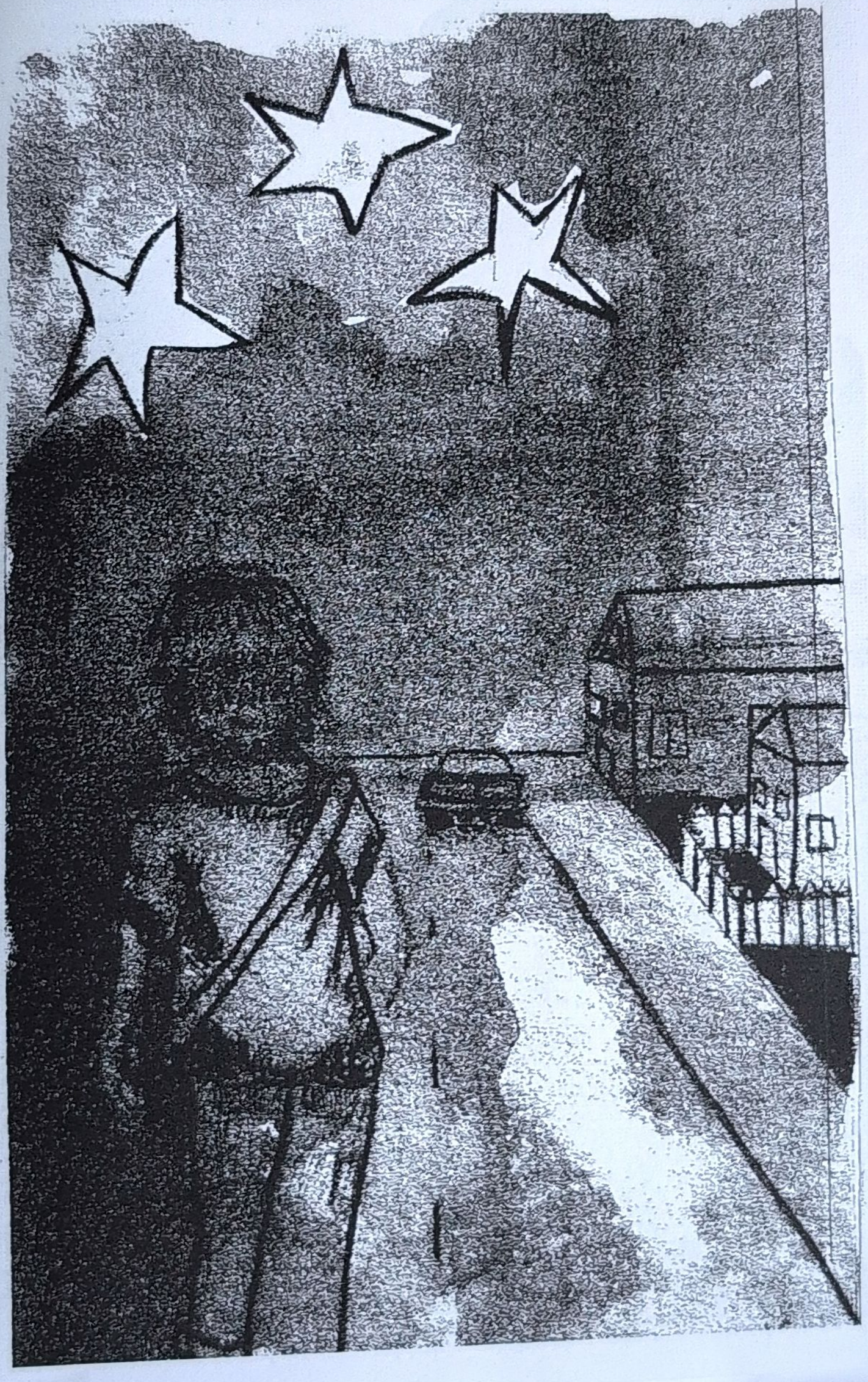


continued on through the punk rock and roll pageant in search.

The deeper and deeper I got into the party, the more I felt like I was on some sort of *Heart of Darkness*-esque voyage, clambering through a more and more depraved crowd until I found this now-ex boyfriend, and he was... kissing... his aunt's drug dealer, this bastard with the Camaro. And in my awestruck state, the Earth ripped out from under me, I found myself on top of the dealer, throwing punches, screaming, frothing at the mouth before being pulled off and kicked out of the party. Storming down the road, kicking up dust, the Kansas City punk band still playing at a high tempo in the background all the while.

Then staring up at the stars, walking back, the strange lights closer than ever. Forming a triangle. They seemed to stare back, almost, grow brighter, and the next thing I knew I woke up in the fling's bed, sore all over, feeling slightly ill, though I truthfully hadn't had much to drink. He still wasn't home, and I couldn't tell you if he ever got home that day, because I promptly packed and left, ditching him and that odd town.

Parkman, Kansas is a strange place, where everyone is a friend and everyone is a stranger too, and I do not wish to revisit it anytime soon.



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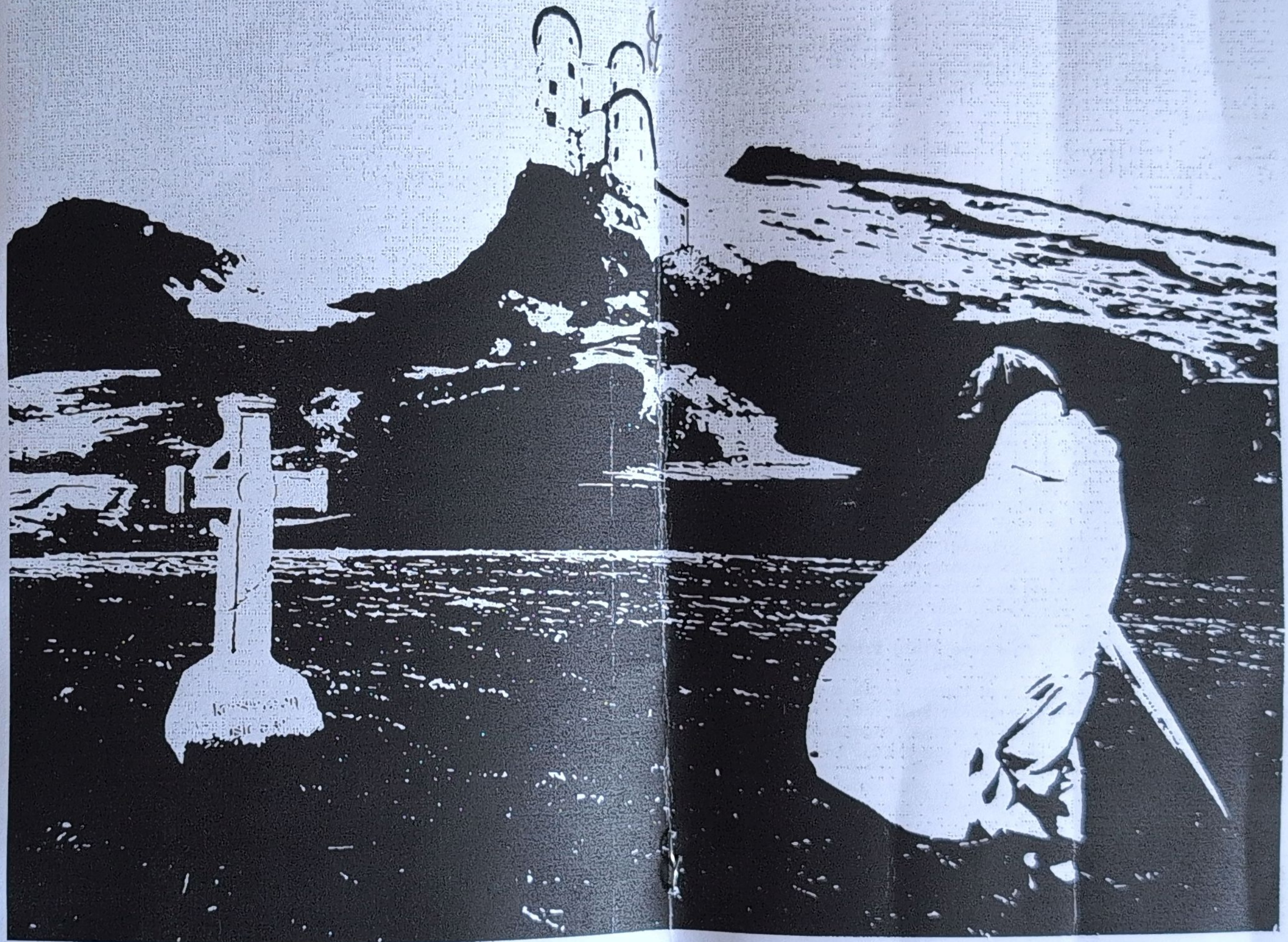


Interview with Field Creek for Zerox Magazine

R-Interviewer
C- Cameron
B- Brendon

R-First interview? No one has interviewed you?
C- Ya first interview
R- Okay, well, I guess we can start off with introductions. Who you are and what you play.
C- I'm Cameron, and I play guitar and sing.
B- I'm Brendan, and I play drums.
S- I'm Sam and I play guitar.
J- Jonah, and I play bass.
R- Alright, Field Creek! You guys have been around how long?
C- We have been a band for around three years, and we started playing shows in November.
R- So three years, but no shows till November. So, you all have not been playing shows till recently.
C- Ya, we were just kinda figuring out stuff for a while.
R- Okay cool, so were you all original members?
B- It was us two originally (In reference to Jonah).
C- Ya it was them originally, and then I hopped on, then he (in reference to Sam) hopped on, and then we changed the name and now we are Field Creek.
R- So what kinda genre do you believe Field Creek falls under?
C- I like to say Midwest Emo, even though it is a rather controversial genre to assign yourself sometimes. But I am very influenced by bands like Old Pine, Glockamora, and Marietta, Yeah. Like those tappy emo bands. So I would say emo in a way, punk in away.
B- We are like Weezer, if they were folk.
J- Yeah exactly.
C- We are like Greenday if they were grindcore.
R- you guys have talked about influences, who here does the writing?

C- I write the vocals, and I come with a lot of the rifts and we build on it together. Sometimes one of us will come with an entire song and we will kinda mess around with it. It usually starts with me though. Sometimes spontaneous.

R- So do you all pick up influences from anyone/anything in particular, I know Cameron has mentioned his, but I am curious about the rest of the band too.

J- Um, I grew up mainly listening to heavier music. I am a really big rhythm guy. I love, love, love a good time change. Me and Brendon, we've been jamming since around middle school.

B- yeah

J- We basically learned our instruments together. And I am extremely happy that we changed into Field Creek.

B- Ya we listened to a lot of prog metal. A lot of Gojira.

L- I am a Gojira fan, so I can definitely buy that.

B- Ya we have changed a lot since the Gojira days. Now we are midwest emo.

C- so who are the influences for the midwest emo?

B- For emo, definitely Free Throw.

J- I'm not sure if I would consider them emo but I do get a lot of influence from Fall of Troy. I love Marietta, mineral, of course, Modest Mouse. Do not get me started. Those weird ass fucking pitch binds, weird ass rifts.

S- Cameron put me on to this one band called Algernon Cadwallader. And I feel like our sound really draws from them a bit. Yeah, I really like them a lot.

R- So how long have you all been playing your instruments?

C- I have been playing guitar for about eight years.

B- Six for drums.

S- Six for me as well.

J- Yeah, I would say about the same, six.

R- So you guys are kind of a well oiled machine in terms of musicianship, cause sometimes you get in and the band

is like yeah I have been playing for about a year and a half.
C- Yeah we definitely come from a lot of music backgrounds from different areas.
R- You two (Brendon and Jonah) said you guys started playing in middle school, was that school influenced at all?
J- Nope, not at all. Me and Bendon had a mutual friend, Ash. He actually introduced us to each other, and right around that time I found my older sister's cheap guitar in her closet, and I just started jamming. And Ash, when he introduced us, it was kinda the same, he was trying to learn guitar, Brendon he was trying to learn drums. And Ash, he played the bass as well. And that was kind of our (Jonah and Brendon) first experience as a "band". And we played all the basics like Seven Nation Army type stuff.
B-Always.
R- That is really awesome. I guess we should probably move over into the Kansas City scene stuff. How has Kansas City and the scene impacted the band?
C- I would say a lot of the influence recently has been because of the scene, going to shows, and meeting people has really influenced me, more so than I think some music. I played bass for My Spirit is Gone (Now Our Last Memory) for four days, and that was extremely inspiring. Especially seeing people come out for shows that are not

predominantly hardcore. KC has a predominantly hardcore crowd. It is really inspiring to see people come out for stuff that is more our style and scremo and shit. It is awesome. The scene is growing.

R- For sure, you guys sold out the freaking show at Howdy with My Spirit is Gone (Our Last Memory). Congratulations on that, it's a big deal. You all are getting ready to tour with them?

C- Yes! My Spirit is Gone (Our Last Memory), and Figure 8's! We are going to hit up all the good spots in the Midwest, and meet some friends. I am very excited. We are really excited.

R- Can I ask which of the venues you are looking forward to playing?

C- I am excited to play the furnace in Wichita and also the Breakroom in Omaha.

J- Yeah dude, hardcore show, it is going to be cool.

B- Some beatdown bands, it will be cool!

R- Alrighty! I have one final question, and that is what is everyone's snack picks for the upcoming tour?

C- Spicy nacho Doritos!

B- Nerds Gummy Clusters!

S- Sweet Tart Rope!

J- Twizzlers or Cherry Sours!

R- Well thank you so much and I appreciate [illegible] willing to do this!

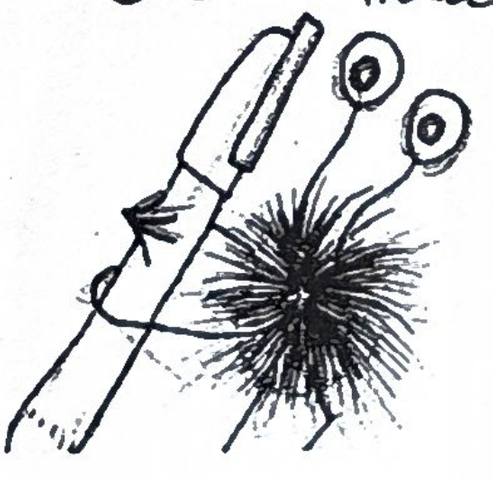
THIRDSPACE
MEDIA

La Fin

Volume two is over! Thank you for sticking to the end! Without you Reader this Zine would be pointless
A big shoutout to all our Contributers as well ♡
you all are the heart + Soul to this Zine. The reason we do what we do is to share Kansas City's scene. From the killer bands, the wickes drawings, and the amazing stories, We are so, so, so Proud of our scene + City.
The team here at Zerox is honnored to be apart of sharing everyone. Thank you reader + Contributer alike ♡
And we look forward to continuing to share each and everyone of you with each new issue! for now farewell +

See you on the flip side,
Res + the Zerox Team

P.S. if you are interested in Submitting to the Zine Please reach out to @noissuesproduction on insta!



Word Scramble

LICKFEDECER

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Local KC Emo band with 4 members

URFLAILEDILR

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

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Beloved KC Hardcore Group With NASTY Breakdowns

VIOLATOEFENCPC

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This band's front man has traded haircuts for cassettes

LÖMD

_ _ _ _

The Fuzziest Psychedelic Heavy trio, based in the midwest

ARCUMS

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Kansas City's Favorite Pitbull

Field Creek ◎ Failure Drill ✧ Pact Of Violence ◎ MÖLD ♡ Marcus @ShootinStarla